His touch, growing more confident, brought Spock fully erect and Kirk moved to straddle his master's thighs. With memories of Savak's hard, dry penis thrusting into him, he leaned forward and bathed Spock's in saliva until it glistened wetly. Then he rose in a crouch, reached round to spread his buttocks apart, and guided himself into position so that the throbbing head touched the entrance to his body.

Biting his lip against the pain, Kirk allowed himself to sink down so that the burning length slid slowly into his body. It was not as bad as he had remembered, perhaps because he was in control, but when he came to rest the hard bulk filled him, throbbing against protesting nerves.

For a moment he rested, gathering courage, then he tightened his muscles and began to move, gradually quickening the rhythm as he became accustomed to the sensations. His own penis began to stiffen in excitement as the friction increased, but he ignored his reactions, concentrating on producing a response in Spock.

Suddenly the dark eyes opened, blazing with an all-consuming lust he remembered only too well, but as Spock's hips began to thrust demandingly upwards, his fear faded in an intense relief that this would work.

Hot semen spurted inside him, and strong arms gathered him close. "Jim..."

"Don't talk now," Kirk whispered, keeping his voice steady with an effort. "Take what you need from me. I give it freely."

"No...control... You will...will be hurt..." the Vulcan choked.

"Don't talk."

For a moment the arms tightened, then he was turned onto his belly, strong hands grasped his buttocks, thumbs slid between his cheeks, opening him, and the hard driving thrust rammed once more into his body. The initial discomfort of penetration was masked by surprised pleasure as a hand snaked under his belly to settle at his groin. This time the rhythmic pounding was accompanied by the skillfull milking of his own aching penis, and he moaned his pleasure at the touch of the warm hand. Then pride, sanity, his very identity, were lost in a scarlet haze of sensual passion as he gave himself entirely to the demanding flesh that impaled him. He surged backwards, forcing the hard penis even deeper, writhing in utter abandon as Spock's semen flooded him once more.

Kirk was completely lost now to everything except his own devouring lust. He wanted more, everything, whatever Spock chose to do to him. He was turned on his back and the Vulcan's weight covered him. His head was imprisoned in strong hands, and a hot wet mouth fastened on his, the tongue insinuating itself between his lips to explore every corner of his mouth with a slow, persistent thoroughness. Expertly he captured the invader and sucked at it, earning a gasp of pleasure from Spock; his hands dug into the smooth back as he thrust his hips upwards, begging hoarsely to be filled again. Spock caught his buttocks and lifted him, supporting Kirk's legs on his shoulders so that his hands were free to probe the Human's body, opening it to his need.

All memory of pain, humiliation and discomfort was left far behind. Kirk moaned, his body arching responsively to Spock's every movement. Every part of him was explored, taken, used to increase their joint pleasure as he gave himself willingly, the mindless instrument of Spock's lust--and his own.

The Vulcan seemed tireless, each orgasm coming with the power of the first. Kirk began to tire at last, his tender flesh protesting at the abuse it had suffered. He made no sound, but could not repress a shudder when Spock moved to spread his legs once more.

The Vulcan paused and blinked down at him, a fleeting concern showing in the blazing eyes, then he seemed to change his mind and leaned up from the Human.

"It's all right," Kirk whispered hoarsely. "I can--"

"There are other ways." Spock rose and pulled Kirk to his feet. "Come."

Stumbling a little from weariness, Kirk allowed Spock to guide him into the screened off portion of the tent. The bath had been emptied and refilled, and although the water was cooler than Spock normally liked it, it was very refreshing to the Human's sweating body as they stepped together into the water.

Sensing that Spock's need was under very tenuous control, Kirk washed them both quickly, but when he left the bath in search of towels, Spock shook his head impatiently.

"No need," he growled, pulling the Human close to his side, but as they moved back towards the bed he paused, looking around the tent. "Ah. Drink this." He lifted the water jug from the table and passed it to the Human who drained it eagerly.

"Thank you."

Spock shook his head and pulled Kirk down onto the bed. He reached for the Human's thighs, then seemed to remember his exhaustion. Instead he twined his long fingers in Kirk's hair and pressed the Human's face into his groin. Strengthened by the brief respite and the longed-for water, Kirk responded eagerly to the urging of the insistent hands. His mouth and fingers worked busily at the Vulcan's penis as he sucked, milking his master to orgasm while warm fingers curled around his own organ, pumping him in frantic excitement.

How long could this continue? Kirk wondered dazedly as he swallowed, raised his head to gasp for breath, then bent once more to his master's service. Spock's hands were on his buttocks burrowing deep inside him, twisting and probing with an exciting pressure. His penis, trapped against Spock's body, throbbed and pounded with its own urgency, and the felt the slickness of his ejaculation between their bodies as Spock's semen filled his mouth.

Utterly exhausted, he slumped helplessly into his master's arms. Spock settled him carefully, lifting the Human's head to his shoulder. Lips brushed his temple, and the last thing he was conscious of before sleep claimed him was the veil of dark hair that fell around his face as his master leaned possessively over him.

Kirk woke the following morning to a sense of utter well-being. He was still locked tightly in Spock's arms, and for a moment he colored as he remembered the sensual abandon of the previous night.